

136 Chapter 136

"Nursing home?" 1

"Yes, and that's why I can't contact my mother right now. Kate told the caretaker to have the phone, so my mother won't get any bad news since she's still recovering."

"The caretaker also refused to give the phone back to my mother, because Kate lied to her that I have a history of mental illness and often forget to take my medication," Erin gritted her teeth but then stopped after realizing that gritting her teeth only amplified the pain on her cheeks.

"Since I can't threaten Kate to call our mother anymore, she dared to attack me, slapping and kicking me in the face. What a horrible woman." 3

"I never knew that she could be that crazy," Matt murmured. "After all, you've never harmed her, right?" 4

"Yes, I never harmed her," Erin rolled her eyes. "All I did was just request her to do what I want. It's harmless, and it's her duty as a big sister to help me." 2

Matt nodded in agreement. 1

Kate always helped Erin no matter how small the task was, and she never complained. How could Kate change just because she caught them



making out on the sofa?

Did she need to be so vengeful toward them? 2

Erin grew displeased as she realized that Matt was so slow. He should suggest something to her or at least try to do something to get revenge against Kate.

But this dimwit did nothing!

'Why is he so useless?' Erin wondered. She used to be so fond of Matt that she couldn't wait to snatch him from her sister and fuck him in front of her.

But after she did what she wanted, Matt became less appealing. 'Maybe because I've been exposed to an ultra powerful, rich, handsome, competent man with a big dick like Henry and Michael, so a man like Matt looks like trash compared to them.'

"Why are you staring at me like an idiot? Go call your Mom! They are best friends, remember?" Erin groaned. "God, why do I have to do everything all by myself here!"

Matt gulped nervously. He grabbed his phone and called his mother to confirm because he understood the urgency.

Since Erin had lost the only way to blackmail Kate, they would also lose their only source of



income. There was no guarantee that Kate wouldn't block the credit card.

And if she did, then Matt would lose all of his money because Kate was his money machine.

The phone rang for a while until his mother—Mary, picked up the call.

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"What's wrong, Matt? Why did you call so suddenly?" Mary asked. She was surprised by the sudden call because Matt rarely took the initiative to call her first. Usually, she called him first to check on him and ensure that the barren woman didn't become a complete deadweight for her beloved son.

"Mom, do you know what happened to Hilda?" Matt asked. "Kate said that she sent her to a nursing home."

"Oh, yeah, she did," Mary recalled. "Hilda is in a terrible condition these days. She went back and forth to the hospital, and I have to call the ambulance often." 1

"W—Why don't you stop Hilda from leaving, Mom?" Matt asked. He glanced at Erin, who gave him a deathly stare for no reason.

"Because I got tired taking care of her," Mary sighed. "I may be her best friend, but I have my



own life. I don't want to have to visit her every day just to make sure that she doesn't die in her sleep. She's better with someone who can take care of her every day."

Matt gulped.

His mother's reason was logical. Nobody wanted to take care of a sickly woman. Mary and Hilda might've been best friends for decades, but she had her own life. She didn't want to waste her time on Hilda.

"Do you know where that nursing home is?" Matt asked more, knowing it would help them.

"No, I don't know and don't plan to ask," Mary chuckled. "I don't want to visit Hilda. I got tired of seeing her sickly, pale face for years." 1

"Anyway, enough of her. I want to know when you will send me money, Matt," Mary said.

"Mom, I already sent you three thousand dollars a week ago. It should be enough for you to live comfortably for a month, especially when you live in a small town," Matt said.

Matt usually sent about three to five thousand dollars each month to his mother since she was a retiree.

But her spending seemed to have increased as she got comfortable with her new boyfriend.



"Oh come on, Matt. You know that my new man needs a lot of care," Mary chuckled. "He's young, and he needs a bit of maintenance, that's why I've been spending my money on him." 2

"Mom, he's a deadweight. He doesn't even have a job," Matt warned, but his mother didn't care. He also knew that the man was only in it for her money since they had a thirty years age difference. 5

His Mom's boyfriend was even younger than him! 2

"He will find a job. He said he'll try to be a singer. I bet he will make it big just like you," Mary assured. Matt had fed her a lie for years that he had made it in Hollywood, though not as an actor, but as a director behind the screen. That's why she would never see his face in any movie. 3

But he earned big bucks and frequently sent his mother money and lavish gifts as proof of his success. 3

Of course, it was all lies.

Matt always used Kate's money for everything, including pampering his mother.

Meanwhile, he told his mother that Kate was a useless housewife who couldn't find a job or get pregnant and spent her days watching TV shows. Thus, Mary hated Kate for being a useless,



Incomplete woman who leeches on her son's success. 3

"Anyway, I'm hanging up now. Don't forget to send me money as soon as possible, love you, son!" 3

Beep.

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Thank you for reading!

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